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"CHARLESTON"

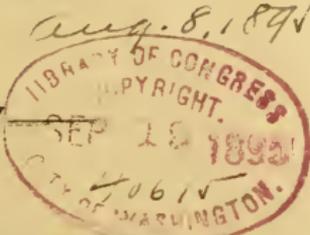
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— AN —

HISTORICAL MILITARY DRAMA

IN FOUR ACTS,

— BY —



G. M. CONNELL,

AUTHOR OF

"THE FALL OF ATLANTA."

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DEDICATED TO THE G. A. R.

CHARLESTON

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G. M. CONNELL, Lisbon, Ohio.

SCENE PLOT.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Parlor, C. D. opens on Horizon.

SCENE 2.—Plain chamber, (or street,) in 1.

SCENE 3.—Horizon. Set house R 3d E. Balustrade
R. to L.

ACT II.

SCENE 1—Same as Scene 1, Act 2.

SCENE 2—Street in 1.

SCENE 3.—Horizon. Sea Wall, R. to L.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—Parlor same as Scene 1, Act I and 2.

SCENE 2.—Street in 1.

SCENE 3.—Landscape. Stage set house L. Set waters
and bridge R. to L. in 3.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—Landscape, in 4, Tents R. to L. in 3.

SCENE 2.—Wood in 1.

SCENE 3 —Same as Scene 2, Act 3. Rustic bench R.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

As you face the audience, R, right; L, left; R. U. E., right upper entrance; L. U. E., left upper entrance; C. D., center door.

CAST. OF CHARACTERS.



HARRY ASHWORTH—Col. U. S. A.

RICHARD GETTY—Major C. S. A. Provost Marshal of Charleston.

BOB ASHWORTH—Uncle of Harry, Southern fire eater.

*JOHN HURST—A Union man and Mexican veteran.

*GEN. BEAUREGARD—Confederate commander at Charleston.

BILL THOMPSON—A Rebel Guerilla Captain.

SPOT—A Sergeant, after Lieutenant, in C. S. A.

CAPT. MARSHALL—Captain in U. S. A. A Spy.

‡DENNIS CORRAGEN—Harry's friend—**G. M. Connell.**

‡JEW ISACCS—A money lender.

†MOSE—John Hurst's old slave.

†SAM—A slave of Bob Ashworth's.

STELLA ASHWORTH—Daughter of Bob's.

MRS. HURST—Wife of John.

KITTY MURPHY—Stella's maid.

Goddess of Liberty, War and Angel of Peace. From 4 to 50 soldiers.

* † ‡ Can be doubled.



COSTUMES.

Beauregard, Getty and Spot—Confederate gray.

Harry—Citizen's clothes first. After, Col. U. S. A.

Bob Ashworth, John Hurst and Bill Thompson—Citizen clothes.

Capt. Marshall—Long black coat first. After, Captain U. S. A.

Sam—Neat white suit first. After, old clothes.

Mose—Long duster, straw hat, boots and old pants.

Stella—Traveling, house and street dress.

Mrs. Hurst—Traveling and house dress.

Kitty—Traveling and short house dress.

I furnish gray coats and hats for the Confederate officers and soldiers.

...CHARLESTON...



ACT I.

SCENE. I.

(Parlor in Bob Ashworth's home in Charleston.—Bob Ashworth and John Hurst enter, R. U. E.)

BOB. ASHWORTH—Major, I am surprised at your not taking a more active part in our movement for Southern Independence.

JOHN HURST—I have been for peace. War is a dreadful thing under any circumstances, but more especially is civil war cruel where brother is arrayed against brother, father against son, and near neighbors either at dagger's drawn or living in fear of each other.

BOB. A.—But look at our old Commanders, General Twiggs, Colonel Davis, Capts. Bragg and McCullough, by whose side we fought on the glorious fields of Mexico. They are all with us, and should we hesitate to follow where they lead?

JOHN H.—I have, I candidly confess, felt myself at a loss as to what course I should pursue in this struggle. It is hard for a man of my years to turn against the old flag.

ROB. A.—I too respected the flag of my country when it floated over a constitutional government; but that time has passed. Our property is insecure; our slaves are being run off and secreted in northern cities by Abolition vandals. Are we of the South going to endure this treatment forever?

JOHN H.—We should try all peaceable means before resorting to the arbitratment of arms.

BOB A.—Ha, ha, how could a stove pipe go off?

SAM—Sombody on der oder side ob de wall hit it wid a club and knocked it off.

BOB A.—Well, Sam, it might have taken off your ears.

SAM—Den Gen. Beauregard could hab had dem for cannoneers.

BOB A.—Capt. Getty, since Sam has developed his soldier propensity, I will lend him to you until his marshal spirit is somewhat cooled.

GETTY—Thank you, Colonel, I would be pleased to have him, for he is a very likely boy.

BOB A.—That settles it. Sam, you will now go and get your traps and be ready to accompany Capt. Getty, when he leaves, (going R. U. E.) and mind you, boy, be a good servant. Come, Captain. (Exit Bob and Getty, R. U. E.)

SAM—I golly. I'se none of your common niggers, I isn't. I'se going wid Massa Dick. Well, I'se glad of dat, fo if I stayed around yere long dat wild girl would kill me sure (Enter Kitty R. 2d E. with club.) Oh gosh! (Exit C. D.)

KITTY—Get out of this. (Exit after Sam.) (Enter Mrs Hurst and Harry, L. U. E.)

HARRY—Now, Aunt Mary, it is useless for you to try to persuade me to join your Confederacy. It is the rankest weed that ever was planted on American soil.

MRS. H.—Harry, I had hoped better things of you. When your uncle wrote to us that you were going to return from Europe, he hinted that a commission in the Confederate army awaited you.

HARRY—He has never spoken to me on the subject, for if he had he would have learned that Harry Ashworth, whose father fell mortally wounded while leading his company in the battle of Cerro Gordo, would not disgrace the memory of so noble a sire. If our southern people carry out the plans dictated by such men as Jeff Davis, and fire on Fort Sumpter, then perhaps I shall cast

my lot with the Union.

MRS H.—And aid in destroying your friends?

HARRY—Time will show you that I have no friends (enter Stella, L U E) in the South when it is known I am a Union man

STELLA—Here, here, can't I leave you people alone a minute without your talking politics? Harry, Aunt Mary is to leave for her home this evening, and I don't want you to quarrel with her before she goes.

HARRY—Why, I was not quarreling with Aunt She was trying to persuade me to join the Confederacy and I respectfully declined.

STELLA—Well, for my part, Aunt, I think Harry is old enough to choose for himself whom he will serve.

HARRY—Thank you, Stella, for that compliment, and Aunt Mary, I venture the assertion that your husband has no sympathy with his country's enemies.

MRS H.—He says little about the coming crisis.

STELLA—And papa talks of little else. Poor papa! He will be terribly disappointed, Harry, when he learns your heart is with the North. (Enter Mr. Ashworth, Hurst and Dick Getty, R. U. E)

BOB A.—Well, my boy, have you been paying the batteries a visit?

HARRY—Yes, Uncle, the ladies and I have been taking a run out to Fort Moultrie.

BOB A—I am informed that it is about ready to rain shot and shell on Sumpter when the time comes Harry, Captain Getty has a surprise for you.

GETTY—Harry Ashworth, I have the honor to present to you a commission as Captain in the First South Carolina Confederate Volunteers. (Gives papers.)

HARRY—While I thank you for the interest you have displayed in my behalf, I cannot accept a commission in the Rebel army.

BOB A.—Rebel, sir, do I hear aright? Do you decline

a commission in the Confederate service?

HARRY—Yes, uncle, I think this movement ill advised. It will end in the emancipation of our slaves and in the suffering of the Southern people. You should count the cost before you take any rash steps

BOB A—It is too late. You have seen the batteries that girdle Fort Sumpter. In a few days we will knock Major Anderson's walls to pieces and humiliate the flag he so insultingly flaunts in our faces. Lincoln has taken his seat, but he finds himself without an army to back him and an empty magazine.

HARRY—Thanks to Cobb, Floyd and Thompson, who stripped the government of its means of defense by filling the forts of the Southern seaboard with munitions of war, and placing their own tools over them.

GETTY—You forget that to one of the men you denounce I owe all I am to-day.

HARRY—I forget nothing. Had it not been for John B Floyd you would not be wearing that ensigu of treason.

GETTY—I will make you answer for that insult, sir.

HARRY—At your pleasure. (Business.)

MRS H.—Come, gentlemen, don't let your passion get the better of your judgment.

HARRY—Beg pardon, ladies, I shall be more guarded in the future.

GETTY—You had better be, for we have no room for traitors in Charleston.

HARRY—Then you had better emigrate.

BOB A.—Harry, this has gone far enough. I want no more treasonable utterances in this house.

HARRY—Uncle Robert, who taught me to love and revere the flag under which my father died? You From my youth up I have listened to your recital of gallant deeds done by heroic men for their country's honor. I have heard you condemn Aaron Burr for his treason in

forcible language, and with these teachings instilled into my heart, do you expect me, because South Carolina leads the van and others follow to turn traitor too, throw my hat on high and shout for the Confederacy? Never! Those who can stifle their conscience may; but I shall remain true to the Union.

JOHN H.—(crossing to Harry.) My boy, I saw your father die, and I am glad to know a father so noble left so worthy a son. (Retiring to C)

BOB A.—John Hurst do you encourage that young miscreant in his treason?

JOHN H.—If ever a departed spirit spoke through the flesh that boy's father speaks through him. Do you remember his dying words, Bob, the day we bore him bleeding from the field? I remember them as though it were but yesterday. "Robert," he said, "rear my orphan boy as your own and teach him to love God and the country for which I die." You have done your duty well, Bob, and perhaps too well for your own liking, but I can see in it the guiding hand of a sainted father who will not permit the principles it took years to inculcate, to be obliterated in a single hour.

BOB A.—You will give us your word of honor, sir, that if you do not join us in our struggle for Southern independence, you will at least remain neutral?

HARRY—I can not do it, uncle. Neutrality is a shield behind which cowards hide, and I flatter myself *I am no coward*. God only knows how sincerely I regret that our sympathies are so far apart, but between domestic and political obedience, I must draw a line of distinction, and reserve for myself the right to think and act as I please in this matter.

GETTY—And you please to disgrace the family by joining the Yankee mudsills?

HARRY—When the black sheep of the flock turns bell-

wether, it is time for the shepherd to look after the lambs.

GETTY—Do you mean to insinuate——?

HARRY—That, cousin though you be, your reputation has never been above the average.

BOB A.—That is the second time you have insulted your cousin. It was through his influence the commission was obtained for you which you so scornfully rejected. He is, I am proud to say, my guest, and you shall apologize to him or leave my house forever.

HARRY—I owe that man no apology and I shall make none.

BOB A.—Then go, and never darken my door again. (Business.)

HARRY—Be it so. (Going) I hope you may some day see how you have wronged me. (Going L. U. E.)

STELLA—Oh, father, have pity—

BOB A.—Silence, girl, and do not dare to plead for that ungrateful scoundrel, or I'll bundle you after him, bag and baggage. (Stella turns—plaintive music—goes up stage to Harry. Exit Harry and Stella followed by Mrs. Hurst.)

JOHN H.—Bob Ashworth, you're a fool. (Exit L. U. E.)

BOB A.—Let them go. And Captain, come with me into the library. I want to send a message by you to Gen. Beauregard requesting the privilege of firing the first gun on Sumpter. Come. (Exit Ashworth and Getty, R. U. E.)

—o—

SCENE II. Captain Getty's office in Charleston.—Enter Sam with table, two chairs and a musket.

SAM—Look out for de locomotive when ye hear de whistle ring and de bell blow, for I'se a comin'. I'snt just an ossifer in de army, but since Massa Bob Ashworth loaned me to Capt. Getty, I'se a fighting man's

servant and I must learn somfin 'bout war. (Business, Getty heard off C. D.)

GETTY—All right, Lieutenant, I'll take care of these papers.

SAM—I golly, dar comes Massa Dick. I must get out of dis. (Exit R. 1 E. Enter Getty, L.)

GETTY—Ha, ha. Well, time works wonders. A few days ago Harry Ashworth was the heir apparent to old Ashworth's thousands, and his daughter's hand. To-day I stand in favor with the old gentleman, and Harry is an outcast. If I only succeed in getting the daughter the old man's wealth will be mine. (Enter Isaacs, L.)

JEW—Good morning, Mr. Geddy. I hope you vas vel dese morning.

GETTY—I can't see that I am any better for knowing you, Jew.

JEW—I vas subrised ad you, Mr. Geddy. Ven you wants some monish it vas always Mr. Isaacs, but ven you gets a leedle up in der world you calls me Shew.

GETTY—My time is too precious to waste on you.

JEW—Vell, my monish vas do brecious to waste on you needer.

GETTY—Well, what do you want?

JEW—I vant you do bay me dot tree hundred dollar vot you borrow from me and I don't bodder you some more.

GETTY—Why, confound your Jew pictures, but you're in a hurry

JEW—Vell, I wants my money.

GETTY—That note is not due for a week yet.

JEW—I know dot, but dey begin do fight purdy soon, und maybe you gets killed, und den vot vill I do vor mine monish?

GETTY—Suppose I am killed to-morrow. You have Harry Ashworth's note for four hundred dollars as security.

JEW—Yes, dot vasso. I never tod me about dot. I I ust go cud dare do-day und see me if dot node vas all right. (Going.)

GETTY—Stop! What do you mean by such language?

JEW—Maybe dot node vas not shenuine.

GETTY—Hang you (draws sword) for an old Jew scoundrel. Do you mean to insinuate that I forged the note? (Runs at Jew.)

JEW—I did not say dot. I did not say dot.

GETTY—What do you mean then?

JEW—Vi you have dot node for four hundred dollar. You vants some money; vi dond you sold dot node in der pank, instead of pawning id to me for tree hundred dollar?

GETTY—That is part of my business.

JEW—Yes, und dot vas bard of my business do, und I go to Mr. Ashword und see me about it.

GETTY—I'll swear I never saw the note.

JEW—Your name is on der pack of id.

GETTY—Let me see it.

JEW—Oh, no, Mr. Geddy, you tink I vas a fool.

GETTY—Now look here, Mr. Isaacs, you give me that note. (Draws pistol.)

JEW—Oh, don't shoot me Mr. Geddy. Just tink of my poor vife and shildren.

GETTY—Give me that note.

JEW—I don't got it vid me, Mr. Geddy.

GETTY—I believe you are lying.

JEW—So help me Isaac und Jacob, I dold you de truth.

GETTY—Jew, if you present that note to Harry Ashworth I will have you arrested for forging my name on the back of it.

JEW—Me arrested for forgery?

GETTY—Yes, and I flatter myself that the oath of Captain Getty, provost marshal of Charleston, will be taken in preference to that of a Jew money lender.

JEW—I never tod of dot, Mr. Geddy, I never tod of dot. But you vill pay me my moneys some time, vont you?

GETTY—Perhaps I will when I get ready. So go.

JEW—Tank you, good day, Mr. Geddy. (Goes to door, shakes paper at Getty's back. Exit L.)

GETTY—Well, I think I have frightened the life out of that Jew. There is no danger of his going to Harry now. (Enter Bill Thompson, L, disguised.) Well, what can I do for you?

BILL T.—(Takes off whiskers.) How are you, Dick, old boy? Put-er-thar.

GETTY—Well, if it isn't Bill Thompson.

BILL—Didn't know me, did you? Well, ye look as dandified as a New Orleans policeman in that uniform.

GETTY—Where have you been so long?

BILL—Been down in Texas until it got a little unhealthy for me, and then I run on the Mississippi a month or two, until I struck a better snap.

GETTY—What was that?

BILL—War on the border. I organized a company of guerrillas out on the Mississippi just below New Madrid.

GETTY—How do you make that pay?

BILL—Run off Union men's niggers, take them to Memphis or Vicksburg and sell em, see? I just brought two down last week that we gobbled over in Missouri. Sold them and come over to see you knock Yankee Doodle out of Fort Sumpter.

GETTY—We will commence operations in a few days, Bill, and then you will see some fun. But you will have to keep shady or you will get us both into trouble. Old Jew Isaacs says he will have you in the penitentiary.

BILL—What for?

GETTY—For trading him a free nigger.

BILL—Ha, ha. Well, the one he swapped me had fits, so I reckon we are about even. I met the old reprobate

a minute ago, but he didn't know me. Been getting another loan?

GETTY—No, he wanted me to pay the one we got six months ago.

BILL—'Tain't quite due yet

GETTY—No, but he threatened to go to Harry Ashworth and see if that note was genuine.

BILL—Thunder! You didn't let him go, did you?

GETTY—No, I soon frightened that notion out of his head.

BILL—Don't be so sure of that Dick. That old chap is a sly coon. It wouldn't surprise me if he went straight to Ashworth's from here.

GETTY—If he did he will not find him, for his old uncle drove him from home on account of his Union sentiments.

BILL—The thunder you say. Why he was to marry the daughter.

GETTY—Yes, but that is busted now, and I have aspirations that way myself.

BILL—You? Ha, ha, ha.

GETTY—Yes, me. Is there anything strange about that?

BILL—Oh, no, not if the girl will have you, but I wish the old man luck with his son-in-law.

GETTY—Well, I have made up my mind to marry her, and you know I generally accomplish what I undertake. (Enter Sergeant Spot, L., Sam comes to R.)

SPOT—Captain, that man Ashworth and his Irishman have returned from Fort Sumpter where they have been all night, and have gone towards Bob Ashworth's landing.

GETTY—All right, Spot He has thrown himself liable to be tried as a spy and hanged. You will detail a couple of guards and we will arrest him. Station your-

selves in the grove within call of the house. Be there in a couple of hours.

SPOT—Yes, sir. (Exit L.)

GETTY—Now, Bill, I want you to help me in this matter.

BILL—All right, Dick, I'm in for a job. What is it?

GETTY—Here are maps of all of our fortifications in and around Charleston, (writes on envelope). I want you to take them down to Ashworth's place and try to see Harry. If you do, give them to him. Tell him a man sent them, but answer no questions.

BILL—I understand, and when you arrest him you will find them on his person and hang him as a spy.

GETTY—That is just my intention, or he must leave Charleston.

BILL—All right, Dick; I'm off. (Exit L.)

GETTY—(Calls) Sam! (Enter Sam R). Now straighten things up a little and you can have this afternoon to yourself. I will not be in until late to-night. (Exit L.)

SAM—No, he don't be in 'till late to-night. Well, dis chile don't be in 'till late needer. So dey's goin' to cotch Massa Harry for a spy, is dey? Well, I just dun go out and tol him and Irish to scat or dey'll be cotched sure. I'll jis red up a little before I go. Look out down dar, for I's goin' to shoot. Battery! forward, march. (Exit R.)

SCENE III.—(Bob Ashworth's Home in Charleston, set house, R. U. E., Rustic seat, L. vases, balustrade back, Jew crosses L. to R. U. E.—Exit.)

KITTY—(Entering R. U. E.) Oh, my! Oh, my! but this war is enough to drive one distracted entirely. There is Miss Stella almost agoing into hystrikes because her father drove Master Harry away yesterday. If I'd be her I'd tell the old tarmullion to go to tunder and I'd marry the boy for spite. And there's (Enter Dennis L. U. E.; comes down unseen) Dennis, if the young master goes he'll go too. Then what will I do at all?

DENNIS—(Puts hands over Kitty's eyes.) Who is it?

KITTY—Dennis Corregan.

DENNIS—How did you know it was me, swateheart?

KITTY—Be yer brogue, to be sure.

DENNIS—Is me brogue different from any other Irishman?

KITTY—Yes. Yours smells of cloves. Have ye been drinking?

DENNIS—No. I met some soldiers over there and they made me holler, "Hurrah for the Southern Confederacy," so I have been ateing cloves ever since to take the taste out of me mouth.

KITTY—Give me a clove, (gives one.) Dennis, does hollering for the Confederacy make your breath smell like gin? (Puts clove in mouth.)

DENNIS—Yes, of course, like a cotton gin. Ha! ha! do you see the point?

KITTY—(Pulling tack from tongue.) No, but I felt it. That was a tack.

DENNIS—Ha! ha! ha! That is once yer tongue found its match.

KITTY—Oh! but yer sharp.

DENNIS—Was ye spaking to me or the tack?

KITTY—I mane you, and I don't like ye a bit, so I don't.

DENNIS—Now, Kitty, I'll come to the point. (Business.) If ye don't like me why was ye crying for me just now.

KITTY—I wasn't crying for you, I was crying for—for—

DENNIS—Oh, I know, for Seargeant Spot.

KITTY—Seargeant Spot, sure and I wouldn't wipe me old shoes on the likes of him.

DENNIS—Who was you crying for, Kitty? (Enter Sam L. U. E., comes down back of Dennis and Kitty.)

KITTY—I wasn't crying at all. Me eyes are wake from watching the soldiers drill.

DENNIS—Oh, murder! what a fib. (Kitty strikes at Dennis and hits Sam.)

SAM—Murder, I dun got my eyes knocked out.

DENNIS—You ought to have yer head knocked off. What are yez doing here?

SAM—I dun come to tell you and Massa Harry to “s-cat,” fer Massa Dick am gwan to hab bofe of you arrested this ebening.

DENNIS—Have us arrested! Sure and what have we done?

SAM—Sergeant Spot dun seed you and Massa Harry come from de fort and Massa Dick said youse was spies and orter be hanged.

KITTY—Oh, Dennis! They’ll kill you entirely if ye don’t lave.

SAM—It’s my opinion you’d better “scat.”

DENNIS—Well, I’ll hunt Mr. Harry and get his opinion. Come, Kitty, you go along. It may be the last chance ye’ll have to walk wid a gentleman. (Exit Kitty and Dennis R. U. E.)

SAM—For de Lord, I ’spect I hab to put a rotten apple on dat eye to keep it from getting black. (Exit R. U. E.) (Enter Harry and Stella L. U. E.) (Enter Bill T. R. U. E.)

BILL T.—A man sent this to you. (Exit L. U. E.)

STELLA—Harry, father is so carried away with this movement that he would not hesitate to turn me into the streets if he knew my sympathies were with you and your cause.

HARRY—I do not doubt it, Stella, since he so ruthlessly ordered me from his house; but since I have found you loyal, I care not who are traitors.

STELLA—But you must be more guarded in your speech. Remember that this is Charleston, and that loyal men are as scarce in it as righteous people were in Sodom.

HARRY—I have no doubt that my Union sentiments

will soon be known throughout the city. Richard was very angry last evening, and you can rest assured he will embrace every opportunity to harass and annoy me.

STELLA—I fear so. Where did you spend last night?

HARRY—With Major Anderson and his noble men out in Fort Sumpter.

STELLA—In Fort Sumpter?

HARRY—Yes, Dennis and I rowed out last evening and just returned.

STELLA—Oh, Harry, why were you so rash? Are you not aware that all who visit Sumpter are looked upon as spies and traitors? (Enter Dennis R. U. E.) If any one saw you return I fear you will be arrested.

DENNIS—(Coming down.) Mr. Harry, could I spake to yez a minute? (Stella goes up left.)

HARRY—Well, what is it Dennis?

DENNIS—The bloody rebels are getting ready to arrest us.

HARRY—What do you mean?

DENNIS—Mane? That Seargeant Spot saw us coming from the Fort and reported us to Dick Getty.

HARRY—Are you sure of that?

DENNIS—Sure of it? Didn't that smoked African, Sam, come to me awhile ago and told me that we had better "scat," as his master was agoing to arrest us for being spies, and maybe we'd be hanged by the neck.

HARRY—That would be unpleasant, Dennis.

DENNIS—Yes; I'd rather be hanged by the two thumbs, and then it wouldn't spoil my paper collar.

HARRY—Oh, they would remove your collar.

DENNIS—I'd rather not give them the chance, they might tear out the buttonholes.

HARRY—Well, Dennis, you go and get the boat ready, and I will join you in a few minutes.

DENNIS—All right, Mr. Harry. When ye hare the whip-poor-will, be ready to go, fer I'd rather be a liv-

ing nagur than a dead Irishman. (Exit R. U. E.) (Stella comes down.)

HARRY—Stella, Richard Getty, true to his instinct, has placed a spy over me, Seargeant Spot, who witnessed our return from Sumpter. We are to be arrested this evening. (Enter Dick.)

STELLA—Oh, Harry, fly! fly! ere it is too late.

GETTY—(Coming down.) Fortunately for the Confederacy, it is too late. Miss Stella, will you please retire; I wish to speak to Harry alone. (Stella goes off R. U. E.) Now, sir, you have been caught returning from Sumpter.

HARRY—Granted.

GETTY—It is to be inferred that you have been in communication with Major Anderson.

HARRY—As a spy?

GETTY—For what other purpose would you visit him?

HARRY—I wanted to talk to a loyal man, and I have found none such in Charleston.

GETTY—There are a few like you who have more tongue than brains, but unless they leave soon, we will make short work of them. Charleston shall not hold a living soul opposed to us.

HARRY—I suppose you are clothed with dictatorial power.

GETTY—Almost. I could have you thrown into prison and tried as a spy. More than that, I could condemn you here and nobody would question my authority; but God forbid that I should deal harshly with you. If you leave for the North within twenty-four hours, you shall not be molested.

HARRY—Go North? I cannot think of it. Come weal or woe, I'll stay. If Sumpter's flag is to fall, I shall witness the event.

GETTY—Then through prison bars it shall be. Since you have rejected mercy, I will show you that a soldier

of the South can be stern and unswerving in the line of duty. I am going to forget that we are cousins. I shall see in you only an enemy of the Confederacy, a spy.

HARRY—Very well, perhaps the cup of oblivion which duty puts to your lips, will let me forget that I ever had a cousin so base as to desert the flag of his country and to commit a forgery.

GETTY—Forgery! I will not be insulted again. (Draws pistol to shoot Harry, who seizes his hands and scuffles down stage.) Unhand me, villain, or I'll call the guard.

HARRY—Call for help, brave man, but you shall relinquish your pistol first. (Enter Stella R. U. E.)

GETTY—You disarm me? Never! (Struggles up stage to center, pistol shot, Getty falls.)

STELLA—(Coming down stage quick.) Oh, Harry! fly for your life. The guard is coming.

HARRY—I have done no harm, Stella. He shot himself.

STELLA—I know it, Harry, but fly! (Whip-poor-will heard off R.)

HARRY—I'll go. Farewell. (Goes off R. U. E. with Stella. Enter Spot and 2 soldiers L. 2 E.)

SPOT—Surrender! Halt! or we'll fire. Fire on him men. (Men draw guns up to fire.)

STELLA—(Entering R. U. E.) If you do, it will be through my body. (Enter Kitty.)

KITTY—And mine too. (Business.)

TABLEAU—Liberty, War and Peace—Curtain.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—(Parlor in Bob Ashworth's house—Kitty and Stella discovered.)

STELLA—But one more hour of peace remains, and then the great struggle for southern independence be-

gins, with Harry on one side and father on the other. Poor papa, he is not himself since the struggle began, or he would not have asked permission to fire the first gun at Sumpter, knowing that Harry was compelled to seek safety with Major Anderson and his brave men. How I pray that they may both be spared to me!

KITTY—And while you are at it, why not pray for the speedy hanging of all the rebel cutthroats.

STELLA—Kitty! Kitty! you put it too strongly.

KITTY—No stronger than the rope every mother's son of them ought to have around his neck. (Enter Dick Getty unobserved C. D.) Now there is Dick Getty—

GETTY—(Coming down.) Well, what of him, Miss Kitty.

KITTY—Murder! spake of Satan and he always appears.

GETTY—Why, I'm not Satan, Kitty! I'm only Major Getty.

KITTY—Ha! a distinction widout a difference.

GETTY—But what were you going to say about me?

KITTY—That it was a pity that Master Harry's bullet hadn't a gone clane through your head instead of only palin the bark off.

GETTY—That is the advantage of having a thick skull, Kitty.

KITTY—Mr. Harry should have known ye had a thick skull, because there wasn't room for brains inside.

GETTY—Oh, but you're smart.

KITTY—I'm sorry I can't return the compliment.

STELLA—Come, Kitty, don't be saucy.

KITTY—Sure, I can't help it, mum, so I'll lave.

GETTY—(Going R. 2 E.) Ta-ta, sissy.

KITTY—Och! you go part your hair in the middle and wear bangs. (Exit R. 2 E.)

GETTY—Stella, in an hour we open fire on Fort Sumpter, and you will soon see the stars and stripes come down.

STELLA—The sight will not be very gratifying to me.

GETTY—You surprise me. Surely you do not sympathize with the North?

STELLA—My heart has never been with the cause that is preached daily in the streets of Charleston

GETTY—I thought it was, but I did not seek you to talk politics. I have come for your final answer.

STELLA—It is useless for you to press your suit further. I am the affianced wife of Harry Ashworth.

GETTY—Then let me catch this base coward who has thrown himself between me and the only woman I love. I shall repay his treachery to the South, and his attempt to murder me.

STELLA—Look me in the eye, Richard Getty, and say Harry shot you. Your own story has made you a hero in the eyes of Charleston people. They have read of the terrible struggle you had with Harry on our lawn. You have raised yourself one step higher in rank, and have covered Harry with infamy by your false accusations.

GETTY—False! By heaven, woman, they are true.

STELLA—God, witness his assertion! I saw you shoot yourself.

GETTY—You?

STELLA—Yes. I saw you draw your pistol to shoot Harry, and in his attempt to take it from you, you shot yourself. Richard Getty, I despise a liar.

GETTY—We will capture Fort Sumpter, and when your affianced husband is hanged as a spy, you shall realize whether it is true or false. (Enter Mr. Ashworth unobserved.)

STELLA—Go back to Fort Moultrie, and triumph for a brief season. I shall watch the first shot, and although my father fires it, my heart shall be with Major Anderson and his men. (Ashworth comes down stage.)

BOB A.—Then, this house shelters you no longer. Not another night shall you remain under my roof. “Your heart is with Major Anderson and his men,” is it? I heard that much, and Heaven knows it is enough. What will the people of Charleston say when they hear that my roof has sheltered two ingrates instead of one? Go! the street is your home from this hour, and may God forgive you? I never can.

STELLA—I’ll go, but I leave the old home with a prayer for your safety in the coming conflict.

GETTY—Stay, Stella, reconsider your answer. Marry me and all will yet be well.

BOB A.—What! Richard Getty, do I hear aright? Do you offer that ungrateful girl your heart and hand? You, whose life was sought by her scamp of a lover?

GETTY—I can forgive her for her attachment to Harry and his cause, so great is my love for her.

BOB A.—Such generosity shall not go unrewarded. What say you, girl? Will you accept the offer of Major Getty?

STELLA—No, father, I cannot; I am the affianced wife of Harry. (Rushes up to Stella, grasps her by the arm, goes down stage.)

BOB A.—I say you shall. (Enter Spot and Marshall, Marshall disguised as a priest.)

SPOT—Excuse me, Major, but this man was found down by the batteries without a pass, and knowing you were here, I just brought him over.

GETTY—Well, sir, what excuse have you to offer?

MARSHALL—Knowing that hostilities were about to commence, I thought perhaps I might be wanted to minister to some poor unfortunate soldier who might be wounded.

GETTY—Sergeant, that man’s robe should be protection enough for him. You may return to your duty.

BOB A.—Stay! (To priest.) Father, in view of the fact

that there is no telling what may happen in the conflict to-day, I desire you to unite these young people in marriage. Major Getty, please show those gentlemen to the library.

GETTY—Yes, sir. (Exit Getty, Marshall, and Spot, R. U. E.)

BOB A.—Now, listen to me, Stella, I have reared one viper who has humiliated and disgraced me almost beyond endurance, and before I will face further disgrace, with this pistol, (draws pistol) I will end my own miserable existence, and may my blood be on you and your ungrateful lover.

STELLA—(Catching arm.) Oh, don't! father, don't!

BOB A.—Then come to the library, and if you refuse to marry Major Getty, I will execute what I have threatened. Come. (Exit with Stella R. U. E.)

SAM—(Entering C. D.) Now, I wonder what's de matter? Massa Dick dun told me to fotch dis yere gun up to Massa Ashworth's, and now he ain't here. I'll jist lay it here and he can get it when he comes.

KITTY—(Heard off.) Murder! murder!

SAM—I golly! dar comes dat wild girl. I's a gone nigger dis time sure. I jist hide here. (Hides. Enter Kitty R. 2 E.)

KITTY—Oh, my! oh, my! I just wish Mr. Harry and Dennis were here wid their guns. I know they would kill all of them for making Miss Stella marry that scoundrel in the library. Oh! how I would like to scratch his eyes out. What is this? A pistol! (Takes pistol.) I have a notion to go and shoot him myself. (Pistol goes off.) (Business.)

SAM—Is you killed, Miss?

KITTY—No, I am not killed.

SAM—Den is I killed?

KITTY—No, you are not killed, nather, but there will be a nigger funeral here in about a minute. (Gets pistol.)

SAM—'Scuse me, but I don't want to furnish de corpse.
(Exit followed by Kitty.)

SCENE II.—Street in Charleston—Enter Dennis in disguise.

DENNIS—Well, I'm here, an old soldier that fought in the battle of Cerro Gordo until I got a pin knocked from under me, and ever since that I have been like Pat Logan, the cobbler, I've had to "peg" it. Sure I could tache them home guards how to drill yet. (Business.) Och, murder! look at the jude. (Enter Sam R.) Hello, nagger! Do you know a family be the name of Ashworth?

SAM—Yes, boss, dat's my master's name.

DENNIS—Yes, I thought I'd sane that black mug of yours before. Your master and I were in the Mexican war together.

SAM—I golly! I jis thought you use to be in de warr or else you ust to rund a threshing machine.

DENNIS—Yes, sir, I've done both. I run a threshing machine down in Mississippi.

SAM—I golly! I didn't know dey raised much grain down dar.

DENNIS—Well, they raise niggers and the niggers raise cane.

SAM—Yes, dat's so.

DENNIS—And when a nagger raises cane we thrash 'em.

SAM—Golly! Den I'd rather raise cotton.

DENNIS—Is Miss Stella at home?

SAM—No. She dun come down dis way some place, and, as dey is going to begin fighting perty soon, I come down to see if I could find her.

DENNIS—They are going to commence hostile movements, are they?

SAM—I don't know; I neber seed dat kind.

DENNIS—That kind of what?

SAM—Hosstail movements. Do dey move de cannon wid the hoss's tail?

DENNIS—No, you black fool, I mane are they going to commence to bombard the Fort?

SAM—Oh, yes; and Massa Bob Ashworth am going to fire de first gun.

DENNIS—I hope it will burst and blow his old head off.

SAM—Be careful what you say, boss, for dar dey come. (Exit L.) (Enter Gen. Beauregard with Ashworth and Getty R.)

GEN. B.—Mr. Ashworth, you are about to fire the first shot for Southern Independence. Let us trust its vibrations may awaken to a sense of duty all southern hearts who have been halting between state and national government. For with that shot we pledge the future of the South.

BOB A.—True, General, and I feel proud of the distinction of having set the ball rolling that will establish the greatest Republic on the Western Hemisphere.

GEN. B.—I know of no man more worthy.

BOB A.—I desire to wipe out the disgrace of having reared the viper who sought to murder this gallant officer, and I trust the shot I fire may find him out, and punish him for his nefarious crime.

GEN. B.—When Sumpter falls, as fall it will, he shall not be included in the capitulation. We shall try him for attempting to assassinate Major Getty. (To Dick.) Major you will accompany Mr. Ashworth to the battery.

GETTY—Yes, sir. (Starts off L.)

GEN. B.—Your gun, Mr. Ashworth, will be the signal for one hundred others to begin raining shot and shell on that doomed fort. (Exit Dick Getty and Ashworth L.)

MARSHALL—(Enters (R.) disguised as a priest.) Have I the honor of addressing General Beauregard?

GEN. B.—Yes, father.

MARSHALL—My name is Thomas McGuire, of St.

Peters, and I would like to get a pass out to Fort Sumpter. I fear they will have need of me.

GEN. B.—No doubt, father, some of those Yankees will need a confessor before we get through with them, but it would be folly for you to attempt to reach the fort to-day, as we will begin to shell it in a few minutes. (Gun heard off.) Ah! there is the first shot. (Exit L.)

MARSHALL—I will go down to the battery and watch the beginning of their great struggle. (Exit L. Enter Harry, R, disguised.)

HARRY—There goes the shot that seals the doom of secession and human slavery. They may compel Major Anderson to lower the American flag, but two thousand more will go up and the "Cotton States" will rue the day they heard the thunder of their first gun. I will go down and witness the bombardment for a short time, and then I must away to Washington with Major Anderson's last report. (Exit L.)

SCENE III.—Wharf in Charleston—Gen. Beauregard and Bob Ashworth discovered.

GEN. B.—Major Anderson defends the flag nobly, Col.; he is doing all that is possible for man to do, but surely he can see that his efforts are hopeless. I wish he would surrender and stop this effusion of blood.

BOB A.—Ha! ha! General. I am glad I have lived to see this day. It is the proudest of my life, sir. Confound those northern Abolitionists! this will teach them to respect southern rights (Shot near) Ah! that was a pretty close call.

GEN. B.—Yes, it appears as though the Major was sending us his compliments in rather a forcible manner.

BOB A.—Well, let them come. The Yankee bullet has not been cast that will close my earthly career.

GEN. B.—Be not too sure of that, Colonel. (Enter Jew on wall, R.)

BOB A.—Why, Gen. Beauregard, I expect to live long

enough to see the Southern Confederacy firmly established. (Shell strikes stage, explosion. Ashworth reels, is caught by Gen. B. and let down on stage.) (Jew falls over the wall into water.)

GEN. B.—Men, get a stretcher quickly; Col. Ashworth is badly wounded. (Enter men with stretcher and slowly carry Ashworth off.) Ah! there comes the boat from Sumpter. (Boat comes on stage. Getty gets off boat, boat passes.) Well, Major, what answer did Major Anderson make to my demands?

GETTY—Here is his answer, General.

GEN. B.—(Reads.) “Headquarters, Fort Sumpter, April 12, 1861. To Brigadier General P. G. T. Beauregard. General: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of communication demanding the evacuation of this fort, and to say in reply thereto, that it is a demand with which, I regret that my sense of honor, and my obligation to my government, prevents my compliance. I am not yet out of ammunition, if I am out of bread. And as Union soldiers fight best on empty stomachs, I shall endeavor to hold the fort until aid reaches me from my government, or until the fort is battered down over our heads. I have the honor to be, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant, Robert Anderson, Major U. S. A., Commanding.” (To Getty.) So it appears from this, that Major Anderson still thinks he will receive assistance from his government. Well, that delusion will be dispelled before the dawn of another day. By the way, Major Getty, did you see that cowardly cousin of yours while at Sumpter?

GETTY—No, sir, I did not, and Major Anderson said he was not there.

GEN. B.—I regret very much if he has escaped us.

GETTY—I think he is still in the city, General.

GEN. B.—Then instruct your guards to arrest all suspicious persons who are not provided with proper papers.

GETTY—I will attend to that at once, General. (Going R. U. E.)

GEN. B.—Major, I forgot to inform you that Col. Ashworth was wounded a short time ago, and I had him conveyed to his home. I wish you would ascertain how badly he is hurt, and report to me this evening.

GETTY—I hope his wound is not serious.

GEN. B.—So do I, Major, for the country can ill-spare such men.

GETTY—I will send an officer to instruct the guard and go to Mr. Ashworth's house at once. (Exit R. U. E.)

Gen. B. crosses to L. Enter Dennis L. U. E.)

DENNIS.—Well, now, just look at the old Major paying them back in their own coin. Shot for shot, shell for shell. Be the powers I wish I was out there.

GEN. B.—What would you do, if you were, my man!

DENNIS—Sure, I would just put a torch in the magazine and blow the Yanks to kingdom come.

GEN. B.—What would the Yankees be doing while you were applying the torch?

DENNIS—Why, slaping of course.

GEN. B.—Ha! ha! Well, Paddy, you would make a great General.

DENNIS—Sure, I was a General once.

GEN. B.—Where?

DENNIS—I was general manager of the roustabouts on a Mississippi stame boat.

GEN. B.—Where did you lose your limb?

DENNIS—At the battle of Cerro Gordo, in the Mexican war, sir.

GEN. B.—Is it possible? Why, I was there, myself.

DENNIS—What might your name be?

GEN. B.—Beauregard.

DENNIS—What! Are you General Beauregard, the commander of the Confederate forces?

GEN. B.—That is what they say, my good man.

DENNIS—Then I beg your honor's pardon for making so bold wid ye.

GEN. B.—Not at all, my friend. I am always delighted to meet an old comrade of the Mexican war; and if I can be of service to you at any time, don't hesitate to let me know.

DENNIS—Thank you, General, but if it wouldn't be axin too much of you, would you be plazed to give me a pass? Sure, the guards be bothering me every day for a pass, an dale the pass I got at all.

GEN. B.—Why certainly, old comrade. I am only sorry you are not able to enter the service of our Confederacy and help fight for southern independence. (Writing) What's your name?

DENNIS.—D. Corrigan, sir, and dale the better.

GEN. B.—(Reads) Guards and patrols will pass the bearer, D. Corrigan. Good for 60 days. P. G. T. Beauregard, Gen. Commanding. There, sir, no one will molest you.

DENNIS—Thank you, sir, I am much obliged to you.

GEN. B.—You are welcome, comrade. (Exit R 2 E.)

DENNIS—Well, I've got a pass anyway. (Enter Sergeant Spot with Harry.)

SPOT—Ha! you fellow, what are you doing here?

DENNIS—Are yez addressing your conversation to me, sir?

SPOT—Yes, I mean you.

DENNIS—You do, ah? Well, now yer a pretty looking chromo of a soldier, ain't ye? Begorra! but I'd like to have yer picture to put up wid chewing gum and sell them two for a cent. Sure and this world is coming to a pretty pass when a tin soldier like you can insult an ould battle-scarred veteran, who fought wid Gen. Beauregard at the battle of Cerro Gordo under the gallant Captain Ashworth, who was killed and myself left a leg there.

SPOT—I didn't know that.

DENNIS—You didn't, ah? Sure, if there was no better soldiers than you in the Confederacy, the Yankee women would whip ye wid broomsticks. What do you think, me friend, Gen. Beauregard would do wid ye if he knew ye insulted one of his old soldier friends?

SPOT—I am like all other soldiers, I must obey the orders of my superior officers.

DENNIS—Certainly, sir, certainly, that is the first principle of a good soldier, sir, and the second is to be a gentleman, sir, a gentleman.

SPOT—I am sorry, Colonel, if I have offended you, and I ask your pardon.

DENNIS—That's right, Sergeant. You are no coward, for the bravest men in the world are they who ask pardon from those whom they have wronged.

SPOT—I hope you won't mention this matter to the General. (Going.)

DENNIS—Certainly not. By the way, who is the prisoner ye have in charge, Sergeant.

SPOT—I don't know. We have received orders to arrest all suspicious persons, and as this man was acting strangely, I arrested him.

DENNIS—To be sure, to be sure. (Going up to Harry.) Well, well, if it is not my friend Ruble's son, Miles, from Memphis. How is your father, my boy?

HARRY—Pretty well, when I left home.

DENNIS—Well, I am delighted to hear that. You see, Sergeant, Mr. Ruble's father and meself fought wid Gen. Beauregard in the Mexican War.

SPOT—Then I have made a mistake.

DENNIS—To be sure, to be sure. Me friend, the General, would be grieved to think you had mislested the son of one of his old comrades. If ye'll let him go wid me, I will take him to the General and get him a pass.

SPOT—Certainly, Col. I hope Mr. Ruble, you will bear me no ill will for what I have done?

HARRY—None at all, sir.

DENNIS—I think, Sergeant, I can get you promoted.

SPOT—Thank you, Colonel, (going.)

DENNIS—What makes you so particular to-day, Sergt?

SPOT—Major Getty says that Yankee Ashworth, who attempted to assassinate him a few days ago, is in the city in disguise.

DENNIS—What will they do wid him if they catch him?

SPOT—Hang him higher than Haman. General Beau-regard himself couldn't prevent the soldiers from doing it. (Going.)

DENNIS—Sergeant, I'll spake a good word to me friend, the General, about ye.

SPOT—Thank you, Colonel. Good morning. (Exit Spot and soldiers L. 2 E.)

DENNIS—That was a close shave, me boy. It's lucky I recognized you. I belave yer losing yer head entirely. What are you doing here anyway? I thought when we came ashore last night that you was going straight to Washington as Major Anderson told ye.

HARRY—I had intended going on the morning train, but remained to see the bombardment.

DENNIS—Yes, like the moth that hovers around the candle, until it gets its wings singed.

HARRY—Did you succeed in seeing Stella?

DENNIS—No, she is not at home. The coon, Sam, said she was some place along the wharf.

HARRY—I should like to see her before I leave the city.

DENNIS.—Yes, and be gobbled be the guard and hanged.

HARRY—I am not afraid to die.

DENNIS—Then go and die fighting fer yer country. It would be more glorious than to allow Major Getty to hang ye like a thafe.

HARRY—But I can't go until I see Stella.

DENNIS—Mr. Harry, you will excuse me saying so, but I think ye are doing the wrong thing when your country nades ye. Love and war don't go together. Do your fighting first and make love afterwards. That is the way we always did at Doney Brook fair.

HARRY—Dennis you are right. I will take the next train for Washington and deliver Major Anderson's message to the Secretary of War. You remain here until you have seen Stella, and explain everything to her, and then join me in Washington. There, we will enlist under the old Stars and Stripes, and fight treason to the death. (Grasp hands.) Good-by my friend. (Going.)

DENNIS—Mr. Harry, take this pass. Ye may nade it to get out of the city. (Gives pass.) Gen. Beauregard gave it to me a short time ago. Remember your name is Denuis Corrigan. (Exit Harry R. 1 E.) Well, if I hadn't a promised that boy to stay, I'd go myself. But I must kape me word and see that little girl of his before I go. (Enter Sam R. running.)

SAM—Gosh! Irish, am dat you!

DENNIS—Well; I should think so. What is the matter wid you? You look as though you were running from a ghost or a Yankee shell.

SAM—I's done looking for my Misses.

DENNIS—Why?

SAM—Massa Bob Ashworth am powerful bad wounded, and he is calling for Miss Stella all de time.

DENNIS—Where are you going to look for her?

SAM—I don't know. Dey said ober dar dat dey dun seed her and Miss Kitty come down dis way.

DENNIS—I'll go wid ye, Snowball, and help hunt her. Come on. (Exit Dennis and Sam L. 2 E.)

BILL T.—(Enter Bill L. 1 E.) "Distance lends enchantment to the view." So I guess I'll just put a little more distance between me and that (points L. U. E.)

view. Them darned Yankee shells don't make very sweet music.

JEW—Help! help!

BILL T.—What's up now. (Goes up looks over wall.) Well, if there ain't old Jew Isaacs floundering in the water like a porpoise. Well, I guess it will be to my interest and Dick's, to be as deaf as a post.

JEW—(Head over wall.) Help! help!

BILL T.—Thunder! he is going to get out. (Draws pistol and shoots. Jew falls.) There, he's out of a job. Second hand clothing finds poor sale where he's gone, for it is too hot to wear them. I can take these whiskers off now, for I'm safe. (Going R. 2 E.) They'll think a Yankee shell hit him. (Exit R. 2 E.) (Enter Marshall, Spot, and guard L. 1 E.)

MARSHALL—I protest against this outrage, sir.

SPOT—I can't help that, the Major told me to put you in a dungeon, and in you go, dead or alive. Why didn't you give him the papers he wanted?

MARSHALL—Because I didn't want to.

SPOT—Well, maybe you'll change your mind when you bunk with the rats awhile. Come on. (Exit R. 1 E.) (Enter Stella R. U. E. on sea wall, Kitty on stage.) (Stella looking through glasses L. U. E.)

STELLA—Oh, Kitty! Fort Sumpter is all on fire. Poor Harry! poor Harry!

KITTY—Oh, Miss Stella, come down, one of them iron things might hit you. (Enter Sam L. 2 E.)

SAM—Here she is, Irish. Oh, Miss Stella, come home quick. Massa Bob am killed.

STELLA—Oh, my poor papa. (Stella faints and falls over rocks in water.)

KITTY—Misses is drowning! misses is drowning! (Business.)

TABLEAU—Your Country Calls.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—(Same as Scene 1, in Acts 1 and 2.—Stella discovered.)

STELLA—Oh, war! war! thou most cruel of all afflictions! Why is it that the wicked are allowed to fan the political fire brand until it bursts into a fearful conflagration, consuming the innocent with the guilty! (Enter Bob Ashworth.)

BOB A. — Well, Stella, Major Anderson has surrendered Sumpter, and the Stars and Bars have taken the place of the Stars and Stripes.

STELLA—Is it a very gratifying sight to behold the flag of our country, under which you fought and your brother died, trailed in the dust?

BOB A.—I must confess that I was sorry to see the old flag disappear from Charleston harbor.

STELLA—Father, let us talk this matter over calmly and dispassionately, for it be may the last opportunity we will ever have of discussing it together.

BOB A.—What do you mean?

STELLA—I intend to leave this city to-day, and I may never return.

BOB A.—But I shall not allow you to go.

STELLA—You forget that I am no longer under your control.

BOB A.—Surely, Stella, you don't intend leaving your old home?

STELLA—Yes, father, I can remain here no longer. Everything around the old home awakens painful memories. I can see again the happy times we have had in years gone by, before secession, like an octopus, stretched forth its slimy arms and infolded the brains of our southern statesmen. I had a father then, a kind, indulgent father, whom I worshipped and thought infallible. In those happy days I had a cousin, the handsomest being on

earth to me, a noble boy, one who would scorn to do a mean or dishonorable act. We were a happy family then, living only for each other.

BOB A.—Stop, girl, stop—

STELLA—Then came rebellion, like the deadly cyclone, and, oh! what a change! That kind and loving father is transformed into an irrational fiend, who sacrifices his love and his children upon the altar of disunion.

BOB A.—Stella, such language is unbecoming to my daughter.

STELLA—And Heaven knows your conduct has been that of an unnatural parent. Do you think it was like my loving father to drive poor Harry from the only home he ever knew, because he adhered to the Union, in whose service his father died? Or, was it the act of a rational being to wreck his daughter's life by compelling her to marry one of the worst villains that ever bore the semblance of man, knowing that her heart was pledged to another?

STELLA—You are not yourself to-day, child.

STELLA—No, I am no longer the loving, trusting, light hearted girl I was before this unholy doctrine of secession was preached in our land. I am a woman now, and henceforth I will return blow for blow, until those who have injured Harry and me shall be brought to justice or plead for mercy.

BOB A.—What would Major Getty think were he to hear you express yourself in that manner?

STELLA—Richard Getty's opinion is of little consequence to me, for he is a liar and a forger.

BOB A.—Stella, you shall not malign your husband and my friend by such false accusations.

STELLA—False! Every word I have uttered is true, and I can prove it.

BOB A.—Where is your proof?

STELLA—In due time it will be forthcoming. I have

dispatched a messenger to Major Getty to meet me here this morning before I leave.

BOB A.—I don't understand what you are driving at, child.

STELLA—I intend to clear Harry's name of the base slanders that are now being circulated in the streets of Charleston. That he is a Union man is true; but that he is an assassin and spy is as false as the heart that uttered it. Gen. Beauregard has agreed to investigate the matter, and if he does justice, Harry will be exonerated, and Major Getty disgraced.

BOB A.—I will not believe anything against Richard without proof, (going) and Stella, my advice is, don't lower your husband in the estimation of his General. (Exit L. 2 E.)

STELLA—Surely with the papers Harry sent me by Dennis, and what I was an eye witness to myself, I will be able to convince General Beauregard that Major Getty is unworthy to be an officer, even in the Confederate service. (Enter Getty.)

GETTY—Good morning, my dear, I hope you are none the worse for the wetting you got yesterday. How unfortunate the Irishman who saved you from a watery grave is suspected of being in league with that detestable spy and assassin, Harry Ashworth.

STELLA—Mr. Getty, such language is not becoming to a man who pretends to be a gentleman.

GETTY—Indeed! It appears Harry Ashworth still has a champion in my wife.

STELLA—Yes, for I love him better than my life.

GETTY—Rather a pleasant confession for a husband to hear from his wife.

STELLA—Husband! Richard Getty, do you suppose for one moment that I will ever recognize as my husband a man guilty of forgery?

GETTY—Forgery! forgery! What do you mean by such language, woman?

STELLA—I mean that you forged Harry's name to a note and sold it to a Jew money lender.

GETTY—'Tis false as hell.

STELLA—'Tis true as Heaven. (Points upward) and here is the evidence—the note.

GETTY—Let me see that paper. (Going towards her.)

STELLA—Not yet. (Enter Dennis.)

GETTY—By Heaven! I will have it. (Scuffle, Dennis knocks Getty down.)

DENNIS—Keep yer claws off that lady, ye blaguard.

GETTY—You Irish cur, I'll have your life. (Rushes at Dennis with drawn sword.)

DENNIS—(Draws pistol.) Don't come too close; yer breath smells of gin. (Enter Gen. Beauregard, C D.)

GEN. B.—What means that drawn sword, Major Getty?

GETTY—That Irish dog assaulted me, and I drew it to defend myself.

GEN. B.—It looked very much as though the Irishman was on the defensive. But I will investigate this matter later. Miss Ashworth, you desire to see me, I was informed, on important business. (Getty starts off C D.)

STELLA—You will remain, Major Getty. (Getty returns, sits L.) Yes, General, I have important business to lay before you concerning one near and dear to me. Dennis, you will please find father and say to him that I request his presence here at once. (Exit Dennis L. 2 E.) General, will you please be seated. (Gen. sits down)

GEN. B.—I hope you will not detain me long, as Major Anderson has just evacuated Fort Sumpter, and I must go out and see how much repairing will be required to put it in defensive shape again. (Enter Bob Ashworth and Dennis. General gets up, extends hand.) I am delighted to know, Colonel, that your injury was not serious.

BOB A.—It was only a scalp wound, but enough to take the senses from me for a while.

GEN. B.—I am glad you were spared to see our flag raised over Fort Sumpter. Now, Miss Ashworth, we will hear what you have to say.

STELLA—In the first place, General, I will inform you that I, against my will, was married to Major Getty a few days ago, although I was the affianced wife of my cousin, Harry Ashworth.

GEN. B.—The young man who shot the Major?

STELLA—General Beauregard, Major Getty shot himself.

GETTY—'Tis false. (Gets up.)

DENNIS—Sit down.

STELLA—'Tis true, for I saw you do it. He undertook to shoot Harry, a scuffle ensued, and in it his pistol was discharged and he fell by his own hand.

GETTY—I say it is false, I didn't have a pistol with me.

STELLA—Sit down. There is the pistol, (gives it) You will see Richard Getty's name on the handle. I picked it up myself near the place where he fell.

BOB A.—Why did you not tell me this at the time?

STELLA—Because you would not have believed me.

GEN. B.—Major Getty, is this your pistol?

GETTY—Yes, General, I lent it to Harry Ashworth the day he returned; he said he wanted to practice with it.

DENNIS—Oh, what a lie! Harry had two pistols of his own.

GETTY—Sir? (Gets up with hand on sword.)

DENNIS—Sit down.

GEN. B.—What object could Major Getty have in shooting your cousin, when he had guards at hand to arrest him?

STELLA—Dennis, will you tell them what Harry said.

DENNIS—Wid pleasure. Mr. Harry said that while he was in Europe, Major Getty had forged his name to a

note for four hundred dollars and sold it to Jew Isaacs for three hundred. When the time came to redeem it Getty refused to do so. The Jew brought the note to Mr. Harry, who saw at once that it was a forgery, but in order to shield his cousin, Major Getty, from imprisonment and disgrace, he paid the Jew the three hundred dollars and lifted the note.

BOB A —That was a generous act of my boy.

GETTY—'Tis a lie. I never forged the note. (Gets up.)

STELLA—Sit down, Mr. Getty. There, General, is the note. Harry sent it to me by Dennis, that I might clear his name from infamy.

GEN. B.—Richard Getty, your name is on the back of this note. Did you put it there?

GETTY—Yes, but I didn't forge the note.

GEN. B.—Then who did?

GETTY—Bill Thompson.

GEN. B.—But you passed it, and you are equally guilty.

GETTY—General Beauregard, Harry Ashworth is an enemy of the Confederacy, and I would like to know why I, as a Confederate soldier, haven't the same right to convert his property to my use as the Confederate Government has to take Forts Moultrie and Sumpter, the property of the United States, and convert them to its use.

GEN. B.—Major Getty, such language is unbecoming to an officer of the Confederacy. You cannot possibly justify your dishonest action by such a comparison.

GETTY—Do you call it dishonest to despoil a spy?

STELLA—Harry Ashworth was not a spy, as Dennis can tell you. He was an honorable Union man.

GEN. B.—What do you know about it, sir?

DENNIS—General Beauregard, Mr. Harry before he left for the North, gave me these papers. A man gave

them to him a short time before Mr. Getty attempted to arrest him. They contain a drawing of all the Confederate batteries in the Charleston harbor.

GEN. B.—Why did he not take them with him? They would have been of inestimable value to the Federal government.

DENNIS—Because he said he was no spy, and he would scorn to betray the city of his birth.

BOB A.—Well said, well said. I would to heaven my boy were here that I might clasp him to my breast. (Goes over to Getty.) Oh, you infernal scoundrel, to ruin the reputation of so noble a boy!

GETTY—Who drove him from home?

BOB A.—True! true! (Drops in chair.)

GEN. B.—Major Getty, were it not for the disgrace it would bring upon this house, I would have you published before every regiment in Charleston and dismissed from the service in disgrace. But on account of the relationship existing between you and this brave lady, which I heartily deplore, I will only ask you for your resignation from the service you have so wantonly disgraced, trusting that in the future you may live a better life. Take off that sword, sir. (Getty unbuckles sword.) Mr. Getty you are no longer an officer in the Confederate service.

BOB A.—Thank Heaven for that. (Gets up.)

GETTY—But I am still your son-in-law.

BOB A.—True, too true. (Sits down.)

GEN. B.—Miss Ashworth, (I will not humiliate you by calling you Getty) I am sorry that duty calls me away, but rest assured I shall see that the word “assassin” shall no longer be attached to the name of Harry Ashworth. Good-bye. (Exit C. D.)

GETTY—Well, madam, I suppose you are satisfied. You have had your revenge.

STELLA—I have had justice done to Harry.

GETTY—Curse him.

DENNIS—Curses are like stray turkeys, they come home to roost.

GETTY—I wasn't addressing my conversation to you, sir.

DENNIS—When you address that young lady in a disrespectful manner you address me.

BOB A.—Dennis, give me that gun. (Dennis hands gun.)

STELLA—(Runs over between her father and Getty.) Oh, father, don't commit a murder. He is unarmed.

BOB A.—Wait, child. Now, you scoundrel, I will give you but one minute to leave this house, and if you are not gone by that time, I will send a bullet through your head.

DENNIS—Shoot him lower down, Colonel; his head's been tried. It's too thick for that revolver.

GETTY—(Going to C. D., turns.) I go, but I swear I will make you all regret the day you disgraced the name of Richard Getty. (Exit C. D.)

BOB A.—The scoundrel, I should have shot him like a dog.

STELLA—You forget he is my husband.

BOB A.—I can never forget that. Oh, daughter! Why didn't you allow me to take my own life before I committed that outrage.

DENNIS—If you only say the word, Colonel, I'll make Miss Stella a widow.

STELLA—No, Dennis.

DENNIS—Then I hope somebody else will,

BOB A.—I will have a divorce for her inside of forty-eight hours. (Exit Dennis)

STELLA—Father, our Episcopal church teaches, "what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

BOB A.—But yours is an exceptional case.

STELLA—God's holy writ makes no exception.

BOB A —But girl, you will not remain that scoundrel's wife.

STELLA—Yes, father, "until death doth part us."

SCENE II.—(Street in Charleston.)

BILL T.—(Enter Bill Thompson R., Getty L.) Hello! Major; I have been looking for you all morning. I was at your office, and the coon said you had gone over to Ashworth's place. Went over to see your bride, ah!

GETTY—Yes, and met with a very cool reception.

BILL—I suppose so from the girl, but how about the old man?

GETTY - He invited me to leave the house in a decidedly pointed manner.

BILL—How pointed was it?

GETTY—At the point of a revolver.

BILL—Thunder! what's the matter now?

GETTY—Matter enough, "the fat's in the fire " You know the note we palmed off on old Jew Isaac, signed by Harry Ashworth?

BILL—Yes, I ought to.

GETTY—Well, the old Jew took it to Harry, who paid it off and then sent it to Stella.

BILL - Hang the old Israelite. What a pity I hadn't killed him a little sooner Well, what are they going to do about it?

GETTY—Do about it? My wife called in General Beauregard, who acted as judge advocate.

BILL—And the decision?

GETTY—I am dismissed from the service, so I am no longer Major, but plain Mr. Getty.

BILL—Confound it, Dick, you should have paid that Jew when he demanded the money.

GETTY—I should have shot him

BILL—Wal, what are you going to do now, seeing yer out of a job?

GETTY—Go out west with you and seek my fortune on the Mississippi.

BILL—Now yer talking, old man; never say die. We'll start at once and take that nigger Sam with us.

GETTY—But he belongs to Mr. Ashworth, you know.

BILL—Darn the difference. The old sucker loaned him to you in prosperity, and I'd continue to borrow him in adversity. The nigger won't know any better.

GETTY—That's a fact. Bill, you have a great head. But as I have some business to attend to, come, and we will talk the matter over as we go. (Exit R. 1 E.) (Enter Dennis L. 1 E. Enter newsboy R. 1 E.)

BOY—Here's your evening papers! All about the shooting of Major Getty! Paper, sir?

DENNIS—Yes. (Buys paper.)

BOY—Thank you, sir. (Going.) Here's your evening papers! All about the shooting of Major Getty! (Exit.)

DENNIS—Hello! this is correct for a wonder, (reads.) "Gen. Beauregard has investigated the shooting of Major Getty by his cousin, Harry Ashworth, and from the evidence presented to him by Harry's friends, found that Major Getty shot himself with his own pistol in attempting to arrest his cousin. Major Getty gave out the impression that Mr. Ashworth shot him, and thus made himself a hero in the eyes of the Charleston people. Poor fellow! He is a hero no longer; for General Beauregard, on learning the facts, had him dismissed from the Confederate service." I'll just take this paper north with me and show it to Mr. Harry. I know he will be pleased to see it. (Enter Beauregard R. 1 E.)

GEN. B.—Well, sir, how are Mr. Ashworth's folks this afternoon?

DENNIS—Pretty well, General, thank you. They are getting ready to leave the city.

GEN. B.—Why, where are they going?

DENNIS—Miss Stella don't want to remain where she

has had so much trouble, so the Colonel is going to take her on a trip to New Orleans and other points in the West

GEN. B.—But what are you going to do? I think you had better enlist in our army.

DENNIS—Thank you, General, but I promised to join Mr. Harry in Baltimore, and I was just going to your headquarters to see if you wouldn't please give me a pass.

GEN. B.—Well, I will consider the matter. You call around this evening. (Exit Gen. Beauregard.)

DENNIS—Well, I'll be around, you bet, for I never wanted to see Mr. Harry so bad. Poor man! He'll be terribly broken up, when he learns Miss Stella is married to that blackguard, Getty. (Enter Kitty R. backing.)

KITTY—Good-bye, Mrs. Maloney, I'll write ye a letter when I get there. (Dennis catches her.)

DENNIS—Out on a fly.

KITTY—Now, Dennis, yer off yer base.

DENNIS—I'm playing short-stop now.

KITTY—No, I think yer playing catcher, and I am at the bat. (Slaps Dennis.)

DENNIS—Strike one, and the next will be a foul ball, Kitty, for I have to bid you good-bye. I am going to lave for Washington this evening.

KITTY—I thought you were going to stay with us.

DENNIS—So I was; but since Stella is married, her father repentant, and Getty in disgrace, I don't see of what use I can be here.

KITTY—What will you do up North?

DENNIS—Enlist wid Mr. Harry and fight the bloody rebels until the stars and stripes again float over all this country.

KITTY—Won't you come and bid Miss Stella good-bye? We lave in an hour.

DENNIS—Yes, I believe I will. Come on. (Exit R. 1 E)

SCENE III.—(Landscape on the Mississippi—John Hurst's home
—Set house L. 2 E., Bridge back. R. 2 L. Enter Mose L. U E.

MOSE—Here I's been fishin' an fishin' an fishin' an I dun didn't get a bite; yes, I got lots of skeeter bites; but dey don't count. I's nigh onto a hundred years old, but I neber had such luck. (Enter Mrs Hurst)

MRS. H.—Well, Uncle Mose, what luck this morning?

MOSE—No luck 't all missus, no luck 't all. I jes set on de ground so long dat my rheumatics am powerful bad. I's nigh onto a hundred years old, but I neber seed fish so skerce.

MRS. H.—You'll have better luck to-morrow, Uncle Mose.

MOSE—I belebe dem boat wid cannon on dem what went up to Island No. 10 and New Madrid hab skeered de fish.

MRS. H.—Those were Confederate gunboats.

MOSE—Yes, dat am de name. I went down to see one ob dem big guns, and I's nigh onto a hundred years old, but I neber see de like befo.

MRS. H.—You wern't afraid of them were you?

MOSE—Oh, no, dey had wooden plugs in de end ob dem.

MRS. H.—What was the plug for?

MOSE I asked one ob de sojers, and he said it "was to keep the gun from sinking if it fell ober board."

MRS. H.—They were guying you, Uncle. (Horse heard off.) Ah! there comes your master.

JOHN H.—(Heard off.) John, you John.

MOSE—I dun seed John asleep down by de ole sycamore tree, while ago.

MRS. H.—Well, you had better go and take the horse, Uncle Mose.

MOSE—Certainly, certainly, (going) dat John am de laziest nigger I eber seed, and I's nigh onto—

MRS. H.—Never mind your age now, Mose.

MOSE—All right, Missus, I's off. (Exit R. 2 E.)
(Enter John Hurst with whip and leggings)

MRS H.—I was afraid night would overtake you before you got home, John.

JOHN H.—I am not afraid of the dark, Mary.

MRS H.—But there are so many bad characters in the country now, that it isn't safe to be out after dark.

JOHN H.—Yes, southern aristocrats like that cutthroat Bill Thompson and his gang.

MRS. H.—Husband, all southern soldiers are not like Bill Thompson.

JOHN H.—Darned if I don't believe the majority of them are.

MRS H.—No, John, the Confederate army is composed of the first families of the South.

JOHN H.—Lord help the second!

MRS. H.—Our officers are the flower of the land.

JOHN H.—What a thunderin' pity there hadn't been a big frost before they bloomed.

MRS. H.—John, it would be the joy of my life if you were as true to the south as Brother Robert is.

JOHN H.—And be visited by divine retribution as he has been—his daughter linked for life to a scoundrel—one of your first families of the South. Poor girl! How my heart bleeds for her! She is an innocent victim of this cursed secession movement. But it proves what the good book says to be true, "The sins of the parent shall be visited on the children, even unto the third and fourth generations." (Enter Mose R. 2 E.)

MOSE—Massa John, here am a letter dat I guess you dropped.

JOHN H.—It's for you, Mary. (Mary takes letter, opens it and reads.) Well, Mose, did you give Billy a good rubbing?

MOSE—Yes, Massa, and I gib him a gallon and a half ob oats; was dat right?

JOHN H.—Yes, that was all right, Mose.

MRS. H.—John, this is from Stella. Robert has returned to Charleston to look after his business, and Stella is coming up to stay with us. She says she will only return home when the Union flag waves over Fort Sumpter. I think she will stay away a long time. (Continues reading)

JOHN H.—God bless her Union heart! I hope not.

MRS. H.—Why, John, she was to have left Memphis yesterday. She will be here this evening. (Boat heard off.)

JOHN H.—There comes a packet now; perhaps she is on it. (Boat whistle for landing.) We had better go down and give her a hearty welcome. (Exit L. U. E.)

MOSE—I think dar is sunfin' wrong wid dat are fishin' tackle ob mine. I'll just repair it up a bit. (Exit Mose R. 1 E. Steam boat passes Enter Bill Thompson and Getty from R. on bridge.)

BILL—I think you will have to stir yourself to catch the boat, Major.

GETTY—I will only remain in New Madrid for a few days. Only long enough to get what ammunition our men will need. By the way, is not this old John Hurst's plantation?

BILL—Yes, but it will be in ashes one of these days.

GETTY—Don't burn it before I get back. (Exit Getty over bridge to L. Bill comes down L.)

BILL—No, I'll not burn it until I see the Yankees are going to take Island No. 10, and then, John Hurst, I'll pay off old scores. Hello! there is some one coming with the old man. I'll bet that is Getty's wife; if it is he will soon have possession of her. I will drop behind this tree and find out. (Exit behind tree.) (Enter Hurst, Stella, Mrs. Hurst and Kitty L. U. E. Comes down stage.)

JOHN H.—Welcome, thrice welcome to our home, Stella.

STELLA—I only regret father is not here to share your hospitality with me, but we have been from home so long that he thought it best to return and look after his business; but he promised to join me here in a week or so. Father is a changed man, Uncle John, since our trouble came upon us.

JOHN H.—In what way?

STELLA—He has about reached the conclusion that secession is wrong, and that this trouble between the North and South should have been amicably settled by arbitration.

JOHN H.—Hurrah! I knew the old man's heart was all right. It was his darned old head that got wrong. What do you think of that, Mary? Your idols, like those of Baal, are tumbling one by one.

MRS. H.—I'll never acknowledge that I am wrong.

JOHN H.—I never saw a woman that would.

STELLA—Now, Uncle, don't slander our sex.

JOHN H.—The truth is never slander. (Cross to L.) but come into the house. It is getting damp out here. (Exit in house.)

BILL—Just as I thought. Getty's wife is here to stay for awhile. Ha! ha! my revenge will be sweet, for when we burn the old man out we will carry off the niece. (Kitty sings) Some one is coming. (Bill T. gets behind tree. Enter Kitty L. 2 E. Enter Mose with fish pole and line.)

KITTY—Hello! Uncle what is your name?

MOSE—My name am Moses, dey call me Mose for short, and I's nigh onto a hundred years old honey.

KITTY—You are not the Mose who was found in the bullrushes by Pharaoh's daughter?

MOSE—No, honey, I guess not. My moder was a colored woman.

KITTY—Well, Uncle Mose, let me see your fishin' tackle.

MOSE—Be careful, honey, dat am a limeric hook.

KITTY—Now, I'll fish for suckers. (Business) I've got a bite, Uncle Mose, I've got a bite. (Bill comes out from behind tree.)

BILL—Oh! oh! Darn your pictures, girl, you have got that hook in my jaw.

KITTY—Ha! ha! ha! what kind of a fish do you call it, Uncle Mose—a gray back sucker?

MOSE—I's nigh onto a hundred years old, but I neber seed such a fish befo.

BILL—Stop that, girl. You old black reprobate come and take this hook out of my jaw, or I'll cut your head off.

KITTY—Make him say please, Uncle Mose; make him say please. (Enter Mrs. Hurst)

MRS. H.—Why, what are you doing, Kitty?

KITTY—Fishing; I caught this sucker hiding behind a tree.

BILL—Mrs. Hurst, will you take this hook out of my jaw?

MRS. H.—Mose, remove the hook. (Mose removing hook.)

BILL—Don't be so rough, you old fool.

MOSE—It was a good thing dat was a limerick hook, for it might a broke off in yer jaw. (Exit Mose R. U. E.)

MRS. H.—What were you doing, a spying around here?

BILL—That is my business, madam.

MRS. H.—I suppose you are looking around for a good horse to steal. It isn't as dangerous business as fighting Yankees, but more profitable.

BILL—You are right there, and as your husband is a Union man, I think we will borrow a few of his critters one of these days.

MRS. H.—When you do, you will find worse than fish-hooks to contend with. Come, Kitty; Stella wants you. (Exit Mrs. Hurst in house.) (Kitty crosses to L.)

KITTY—People generally string fish when they catch them, but I'll lave that job for the Yankees, ha! ha! ha! Good-bye (Exit in house.)

BILL—Laugh, laugh, but the time is coming when you will all laugh out of the other side of your mouth. (Exit Bill R. 2 E Dark stage.)

MOSE—(Heard off.) Luf dat hoss alone, luf dat hoss alone. Massa John! Massa John! he's a stealin' your hoss, he's a stealin your hoss. (Shot fired, horse heard off.) (Enter Hurst from house.)

JOHN H.—What's the matter now? (Enter Mose R.)

MOSE—Oh,—Massa—John!—he—stole—Billy—and—shot—me.—I's—nigh—onto—a—hundred—years—old.—Good-bye,—Massa—John,—I's—goin'—goin'— (Drops. Enter Stella, Kitty and Mrs. Hurst. Refrain, "Poor Old Slave.") (Curtain.)

TABLEAU—(Freedom)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—(Tent—Col. Ashworth's quarters at Point Pleasant, Mo. Harry discovered.)—Soldiers sing, "Tenting to-night."

HARRY—Now that General Pope has taken New Madrid, it will be but a few days until Island No. 10 will also fall into our hands. (Enter Dennis.) Well, Lieutenant, what news have you from up the river?

DENNIS—One of our gunboats ran past the rebel batteries at Island No. 10 last night, and she is now lying at New Madrid; I saw her myself. She is a daisy.

HARRY—What boat was it?

DENNIS—The Corondelet, commanded by Walker.

HARRY—One of the best in Commodore Foote's fleet. Now, if we had steamboats to carry our troops across the river, we would soon have possession of the Island.

DENNIS—We will soon have the boats, for General Pope is cutting a canal across the country.

HARRY—That is impossible, Dennis.

DENNIS—There is nothing impossible for General Pope. You should have heard him rant about those prisoners we took up. He said Gen. Plummer should have shot at least three of them.

HARRY—Why should he have shot them?

DENNIS—Because they belonged to that notorious Bill Thompson's guerrillas.

HARRY—I have heard of that scoundrel before. Uncle John Hurst had him arrested before the war for trying to run off a free nigger up here at New Madrid.

MARSHALL—(Heard off.) Run, nigger, run, he's after you.

HARRY—What's up now?

SAM—(Enter L. U. E.) Oh, Massa! don't let him took me, don't let him took me. (Drops on knees.)

HARRY—What's the matter, boy?

SAM—(Gets up.) Oh, its Massa Harry! praise de Lord! praise de Lord!

HARRY—Why, if it is not our boy, Sam. Where did you come from?

SAM—I dun runned off case dey whipped me.

HARRY—Who dared to whip you?

SAM—Massa Dick. (Enter Dick Getty.) Dar he is.

HARRY—Well, sir; what do you want?

GETTY—I want my slave.

SAM—I isn't his slave, Massa Harry. Massa Bob only loaned him to me in Charleston, and when him and Bill Thompson comed away dey stole me wid dem. Dat am a fac.

GETTY—It's a lie.

DENNIS—I believe the nigger tells the truth, Colonel.

GETTY—Would you take a nigger's word before you would a white man's?

DENNIS—I would take a nigger's word before I would yours, Major Getty.

HARRY—Richard Getty, a Confederate soldier who enters the Union lines in citizen's clothes is liable to be hanged for a spy.

GETTY—I am no longer a Confederate soldier, as that Irishman knows. I was dismissed from the service at Charleston, and have been located on a plantation across the river here ever since.

SAM—Oh! what a lie. He belongs to Bill Thompson's guerrillas over on Redfoot Lake.

GETTY—That is another lie.

SAM—Dat am de truf, Massa Harry.

HARRY—Richard, I will have to place you under arrest until this matter is investigated. Lieut., you will take Mr. Getty to Gen. Plummer's headquarters.

GETTY—(Drawing two pistols. Back! Move one foot and you die. (Dennis moves forward, Getty shoots and runs off L. U. E.)

HARRY—Great Heavens, Dennis! are you hit?

DENNIS—Yes, Col., I am. No. (Pulls book from pocket.) The bullet struck me Bible.

SAM—Well, if dat don't beat de debil.

DENNIS—That is just what it is intended for.

HARRY—(Goes to L., calls off.) Men, after that tallow and take him dead or alive.

DENNIS—I'll just take a hand in that skermish meself, Col. (Exit Dennis.)

SAM—I hope dey kill him, Massa Harry, I hope dey kill him, case den Miss Stella would be a widdy.

HARRY—So do I, Sam, but where is Stella now?

SAM—Ober dar at Massa John Hurst's. She dun been dar for a long time.

HARRY—Is it possible that I have been so near her and did not know it? How do you know she is there, Sam?

SAM—Cause I dun heard Massa Dick and Bill Thompson talkin' 'bout burnin' Massa John Hurst's house and

barns and toting Miss Stella off to de guerrillas' camp in de swamp.

HARRY—When are they going to commit this outrage, Sam, do you know? (Firing off L.)

SAM—Jis as soon as de rebels vacuate No. 10.

HARRY—Uncle John must have warning of this. (Enter Dennis L. U. E.)

DENNIS—Colonel, that scoundrel has succeeded in crossing the river.

HARRY—I am very sorry, Lieut., for Sam informs me that he and Bill Thompson contemplate burning Uncle John's property and kidnapping Stella, who is now staying there.

DENNIS—They ought to be warned of their danger.

HARRY—That is just what I thought, but how can it be accomplished?

DENNIS—I'll do it meself, Col., wid your permission.

HARRY—But it would be a dangerous undertaking, Dennis.

DENNIS—Devil the bit I care for the danger, if you say so.

HARRY—Then go, my brave fellow, and may Heaven protect you. (Dennis starts.)

DENNIS—Sam, come on; I may nade ye.

SAM—Irish, dey kill you sure.

DENNIS—Come on. (Exit with Sam.)

HARRY—The success Dennis met with in Charleston assures me that he will not fail this time. Poor Stella! how she must have suffered in the past year. (Enter Sam L.)

SAM—Lookey yere, Master Harry, don't youse think dat is like flying in de face ob providence for me to go wid dat Irishman?

HARRY—No, Sam, Lieut. Corrigan will take good care of you.

SAM—All right, Master Harry, all right. (Going L.,

returns.) Say, Massa Harry, you hasn't got a book dat youse could loan me, has you?

HARRY—Ha! ha! what do you want with a book, Sam?

SAM—Why, to stop de bullets, ob course.

HARRY—Here is one Sam. (Gives book) Will it answer the purpose?

SAM—I, golly! Dat am jis exzactly right; dat would stop a cannon ball. I jist proceed to rejust dis yere armor for de occasion (Puts book under coat.) Now, den, I feels like a-jas-ac defying de lightning. (Shot heard off.) Oh, Gosh! was dey shootin' at me?

HARRY—No, that was only one of the pickets firing.

SAM—Gosh! if one picket makes dat much noise what would de whole fence make if it went off togeder.

DENNIS—(Heard off) Come on here, ye nager.

SAM—I's a goin' "like a lamb to de slaughter house." Good-bye, Massa Harry. (Exit L. Enter Marshall R. 2 E)

MARSHALL—Have I the honor of addressing Colonel Harry Ashworth?

HARRY—Yes, sir, that is my name.

MARSHALL—My name is Marshall, of Gen. Pope's staff, and I have been sent by him to consult you on important business.

HARRY—What is the nature of it, Captain?

MARSHALL—General Plummer informs him that you are well acquainted with the country around Tiptonville and Redfoot Lake.

HARRY—Yes, Captain, I have spent months at a time in that country visiting my Uncle, and every foot of ground from Tiptonville to Island No. 10 is familiar to me.

MARSHALL—In view of that fact, Gen. Pope desires you to take a body of picked men and cross the river to-night and locate the enemy. The Corondelet ran the

gauntlet at Island No. 10 last night, and is now at New Madrid. She will be sent down here to-morrow to shell the rebel batteries along the river, and it would be to our advantage to know their location.

HARRY—I am under obligation to the General for the honor he has conferred upon me; besides it will give me the opportunity I have long desired of visiting those dear to me. When does the General want my report?

MARSHALL—I am instructed to accompany you, Colonel, and I hope to be able to make a report in person.

HARRY—I have a trusty Lieutenant, Captain, who is about to cross the river. I think it would be advisable to instruct him to select a safe landing for us to-night. Suppose I go and see him before he starts.

MARSHALL—Certainly, Colonel, I will accompany you. (Exit Harry and Marshall L. 2 E.)

SCENE II—(Landing near Tiptonville on the Mississippi.)

DENNIS—(Heard off.) Steady there, you nager, or you will have us into the river. There, now, make fast to that root. All right, now me boy, go on. (Enter Sam and Dennis in disguise.) Wait, Sam, 'till I tie yer hands. (Ties hands behind back.) Now, then, yer name is John, and I want you to do anything I tell ye, and swear to everything I say.

SAM—Yes, Massa, I would even swear I was an Irishman if you said so.

DENNIS—Look here, nager, if you make another break like that, I'll pitch you into the river. Whist! there comes a grayback. (Enter Spot.)

SPOT—Hello, Colonel! I am glad to see you.

DENNIS—Let me see. Where did I see you before?

SPOT—At Charleston the day we bombarded Sumpter.

DENNIS—To be sure, to be sure. I remember it well now. That was the day you arrested me friend, Ruble. Well, this is a pleasure, sir, a pleasure. I see you are Leftenant. Been promoted, ah?

SPOT—I think I owe my promotion to you. I received my commission a short time after I met you, and you said you would speak to the General about me.

DENNIS—So I did, I told General Beauregard it was a pity as good a soldier as you were not a Lieutenant or Captain.

SAM—Yes, I dun heard him tell de General dat myself.

DENNIS—Shut up. (To Spot) Where is me friend, the General, now?

SPOT—He left for Corinth with the most of our army this morning to join General Johnston.

DENNIS—Is that so? I intended to call on him to-day, but this confounded nager run off, and I had to cross the river into the Yankee camp to get him.

SPOT—I saw you coming across just now.

DENNIS—Yes, I just landed, and I was afraid your pickets would stop me at the landing.

SPOT—I have withdrawn them from here, and placed them further up the river.

DENNIS—Are you officer of the day?

SPOT—No, but I am on General Beauregard's staff and he left me behind as picket line inspector.

DENNIS—To be sure, to be sure; he couldn't have made a better selection.

SAM—No, dat am a fac.

DENNIS—(To Sam.) Shut up. So there will be no danger of the pickets bothering me down here?

SPOT—No, I have just withdrawn the last of them.

DENNIS—Then I'll be moving on. Good-day, Leftenant, I hope to see you again soon.

SPOT—Good-day. (Exit L)

SAM—Yes, we bofe hope to see you sooner.

DENNIS—Shut up. What are you lippin in for?

SAM—Didn't you dun tol me when you didn't tol de truf, I must swear to it.

DENNIS—Yes, that's right.

SAM—Didn't you gib him lots of taffy, do?

DENNIS—Sam, if you bait yer hook wid flattery ye'll always catch suckers. Come on. (Exit R.)

SCENE III.—(John Hurst's plantation on the Mississippi—Rustic seat—Set house L. 2 E., bridge back R. to L. Enter Ashworth and Hurst R. 2 E.)

BOB A.—So you think Bill Thompson's guerrillas intend to raid your plantation?

JOHN H.—Yes, I look to be burnt out at any time by that villain.

BOB A.—Why is he so spiteful at you?

JOHN H.—Because I had him put in jail for trying to kidnap a free nigger.

BOB A.—He must be a vindictive fellow.

JOHN H.—Yes, he has already stolen one of my best horses, and shot poor old Mose.

BOB A.—I think he and that scoundrel Getty are linked together in crime.

JOHN H.—And I am sure of it.

BOB A.—I believe I was insane when I forced Stella to marry that villain

JOHN H.—And I thought you either insane or a fool.

BOB A.—Yes, I see it now. The new flag has brought me nothing but trouble, and I long to be under the old one again.

JOHN H.—Then just stay here for a few days, and your wish will be fulfilled. General Beauregard has practically given up the contest at Island No 10, and has gone to Corinth, taking most of his army with him.

BOB A.—Then I'll stay right here, John, and help you welcome the Boys in Blue.

JOHN H.—Heaven bless you, old comrade! I knew your heart was right. Come right into the house and we'll clinch that resolution with a drink of old Tennessee apple jack. (Exit Ashworth and Hurst, linked arms.) (Enter Kitty over bridge, comes down R.)

KITTY—Well, I haven't had any better luck than poor old Mose used to have. I guess it was because I was watching the Union soldiers on the other side of the river and wondering if Mr. Harry and Dennis were among them, for Miss Stella says they are both in the Union Army. (Enter Getty R. 2 E.)

GETTY—Well, Kitty, I am overjoyed to see you.

KITTY—Don't die wid joy, Mr. Getty, and chate the hangman out of a job.

GETTY—Ha! ha! I see age hasn't improved your temper.

KITTY—Nor your character, nather.

GETTY—Your tongue is as sharp as your famous fish-hook.

KITTY—What do you know about fish-hooks?

GETTY—Captain Thompson says yours caught him in the jaw.

KITTY—So, so. You do belong to Bill Thompson's guerrillas, ah?

GETTY—Who says I do?

KITTY—Them as knows.

GETTY—Some folks know too much.

KITTY—That is not you.

GETTY—Is Mrs. Getty in the house?

KITTY—You had better go in and see, and then you'll know.

GETTY—So I will. (Going.) Who has a better right? (Exit Getty in house.)

KITTY—Ha! ha! Now, there will be some fun. That sucker don't know Mr. Ashworth arrived yesterday, and I've heard him say time and again, that he would kick Getty out if he ever came into his house, and he'll do it.

BOB A.—(Heard in house.) Get out of this, you thief of the world.

KITTY—Ha! ha! ha! The fun has commenced. You'll

see him come out in a minute. (Enter Getty quick from house, hatless.)

BOB A.—(At door throws hat.) You villain, if ever you enter my daughter's presence again, I'll shoot you. (Exit Ashworth in house.)

GETTY—Curse you, Bob Ashworth, you shall pay for this insult.

KITTY—Poor Major! You struck a snag, didn't you?

GETTY—You go to thunder. (Going.)

KITTY—If I do, I'll not take the boot route. (Exit Getty R. 2 E.) Ha! ha! ha! He can't say his father-in-law gave him a sole-less reception. (Enter Dennis and Sam in disguise, L. U. E.)

DENNIS—How are you, mam?

KITTY—Oh, Dennis!

DENNIS—Whist! Would ye have me hanged?

KITTY—They wouldn't hang ye for coming to see me, would they!

DENNIS—Certainly they would. Lieutenant Spot would like to get rid of me so he could get you himself.

KITTY—Sure, you're a great dale nicer then Spot, because ye belong to the Union army.

DENNIS—That's right Kitty, stand by your colors. I dramed last night I was in jail for stealing ye.

SAM—Dat so, I heard him dream it.

DENNIS—Shut up.

KITTY—And how did ye get out?

DENNIS—I dreamed I had the smallpox, and broke out. (Kitty pouts)

SAM—Yes, I seed de marks on him.

DENNIS—Shut up! (To Kitty.) Oh, come now, Kitty, you are not mad about a little joke like that?

KITTY—You should 'have dramed I broke the jail down and let you out.

DENNIS—That's exactly what I did drame, didn't I Sam?

SAM—I isn't going to lie for you any mo.

DENNIS—Ha! ha! ha! Come, Kitty, business before pleasure; I want to see Mr. Hurst and Stella.

KITTY—Well, come on, they are in the house.

DENNIS—You stop here, Sam, until I come out. (Exit Dennis and Kitty in house.)

SAM—Yes, I stays right here, for I's powerful sleepy; got no sleep las night. (Lies down on bench. Stage half dark. Enter Spot L. U. E., coming down.)

SPOT—I don't understand the movements of the Colonel. He came directly down here, and this man Hurst is known to be a Union man. Hello! if there isn't his nigger, and fast asleep too. He don't look much like he would run off now. Maybe the Colonel has him chained to that bench. (Sam rolls off bench.) Ha! ha! (Shakes Sam.) Here, wake up.

SAM—(Raising on knees) Oh, don't whip me massa! I'll neber run off any more.

SPOT—Why, what's the matter with you, man? I'm not your master.

SAM—'Scuse me, I's been 'sleep, I guess.

SPOT—How does it come your master left you alone? Wasn't he afraid you would run off again?

SAM—What's de use ob a nigger runnin' off? Dar's no place for him to go. De Yankees gim 'em right back to der master again.

SPOT—Well, that is so. They can raise corn and pork for us Confederate soldiers. The Yankees don't want us to starve.

SAM—I guess dat's so. (Enter Dennis from house.)

DENNIS—Well, Left-tenant, it appears we meet again.

SPOT—Yes, Colonel. The Yanks on the other side of the river have been acting very suspicious this evening, and as we have no guards along the river at this point, I thought I would patrol it myself for a few hours.

DENNIS—To be sure, to be sure. A wise precaution,

sir, a wise precaution. What were the Yaukees doing that excited your suspicions.

SPOT—They appeared to be getting a large boat ready to launch.

DENNIS—(Drawing pistol.) Throw up your hands. (Spot throws up hands.)

SPOT—What does this mean, Colonel?

DENNIS—It means that you are my prisoner. Sam, tie his hands. Put your hands behind your back, Mr. Spot. (Sam ties hands.)

SPOT—I don't understand this outrage, sir.

DENNIS—I am sorry to discommode you, sir, but self preservation is the first law of nature. I am a Union officer, and as we have an expedition that is going to land down there to-night, it is necessary for you to be out of the road. Now, you will not be injured if you behave yourself, but if you attempt to escape or make any outcry, I will send a bullet through your head. Lead on, Sam, wid de prisoner. (Exit all L. U. E.) (Dark stage. Enter Getty and Thompson and men R. 2 E.)

GETTY—Now, Bill, fire the stables first. I will hide here by the house and when they come out in the excitement, I will seize Stella and you can do as you please after that.

BILL—But suppose they don't come out?

GETTY—Then we will fire the house and smoke them out. Now, go. (Exit Bill R, Getty L.)

STELLA—(Entering from house.) How I hope Harry will reach here to-night, but I tremble for his safety, for such an undertaking is fraught with danger. Oh, Harry! Harry! If I could but see you once more, I would be content to die. (Sits down on seat R. (Enter Getty L.)

GETTY—Well, my dear wife, I am sorry to disturb your meditations, but time is precious to me just now.

STELLA—(Business.) Let me pass, sir.

GETTY--Not yet. You have carried a high hand long enough. I have come to take you with me, peaceably if I can, forcibly if I must.

STELLA—I will never go with you, peaceably or otherwise.

GETTY—We shall see. (Advancing.)

STELLA—Back. (Draws knife.) Mr. Getty, if you lay but one finger on me, I will bury this knife in your cowardly body. (Enter Bill Thompson R. 2 E.)

GETTY—Ha! ha! You have more spirit than I gave you credit for. Come. (Business.) So, my beauty, you are caught. (Red fire off R)

STELLA—Oh! you base cowards! you have fired the stables. Fire! fire! fire! (Business.) Getty seizes Stella, Bill runs right. Shots heard off. Enter Harry and others L. Throws Getty down stage.) (Business.)

HARRY—You scoundrel, I have you now.

STELLA—Spare him! Spare him! (Harry turns to Stella) Oh, Harry! Harry! (Business.)

GETTY—Ha! ha! Well, truly, that is a pleasant sight for an injured husband's eyes. Really, cousin mine, I thought you were more of a gentleman than that.

HARRY—What do you mean, sir?

GETTY—I mean you are hugging my wife.

HARRY—She is not your wife, base coward.

GETTY—Don't call names, cousin, but ask the lady herself.

STELLA—(Going from Harry) Yes, Harry, 'tis too true. I am the unhappy wife of that man "until death doth part us." Oh, papa! (Drops head on Ashworth's shoulder.)

DENNIS—Well, that won't be long. (Draws up pistol to shoot.)

HARRY—Wait, Dennis; who witnessed the marriage?

GETTY—Sergeant Spot.

HARRY—Lieutenant Spot, come here. (Spot and Union

soldiers enter R.) Did you witness the marriage between Mr. Getty and that young lady?

SPOT—Yes sir, I did.

GETTY—Ha! ha! So you see she is really my wife.

MARSHALL—(Coming down.) You are a liar, sir. Do you know me, Mr. Getty? If you don't, you should. One year ago I was in the secret service of the United States. The Secretary of war sent me to Charleston to draw a map of the Confederate fortifications, and knowing that I would be safer in disguise, I assumed the robe of a priest. This man (points to Spot) arrested me and took me to Mr. Getty, who was at Mr. Ashworth's house, and it was I who performed the marriage ceremony.

BOB A.—Thank heaven for that! for if you had not performed the ceremony, I, in my insane frenzy would have had a clergyman marry them, and my poor darling's life would have been wrecked forever.

MARSHALL—I must continue. I met him a short time after the ceremony down by the battery, when he again arrested me and had me placed in a dungeon because I would not give him a marriage certificate. When I was released, Mr. Ashworth and his daughter had left the city.

BOB A.—You villain. (Shakes fist at Getty.) Take her, Harry, and may Heaven's choicest blessings go with you.

GETTY—Ha! ha! Well, it appears as though the game is up. I have staked everything on my hand and lost. You, Harry Ashworth, have been the winner, but that young lady shall never be your bride. (Draws pistol, shoots. Bill and Sam fall. Exit Getty, followed by Marshall and soldiers R. 1 E.)

HARRY—Sam, poor fellow, are you hit?

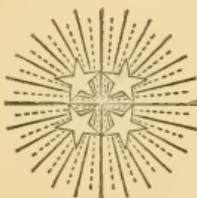
SAM—Never touched me, Massa. Look dar. (Pulls out book)

DENNIS—(Takes book.) There is no bullet mark on this, Sam.

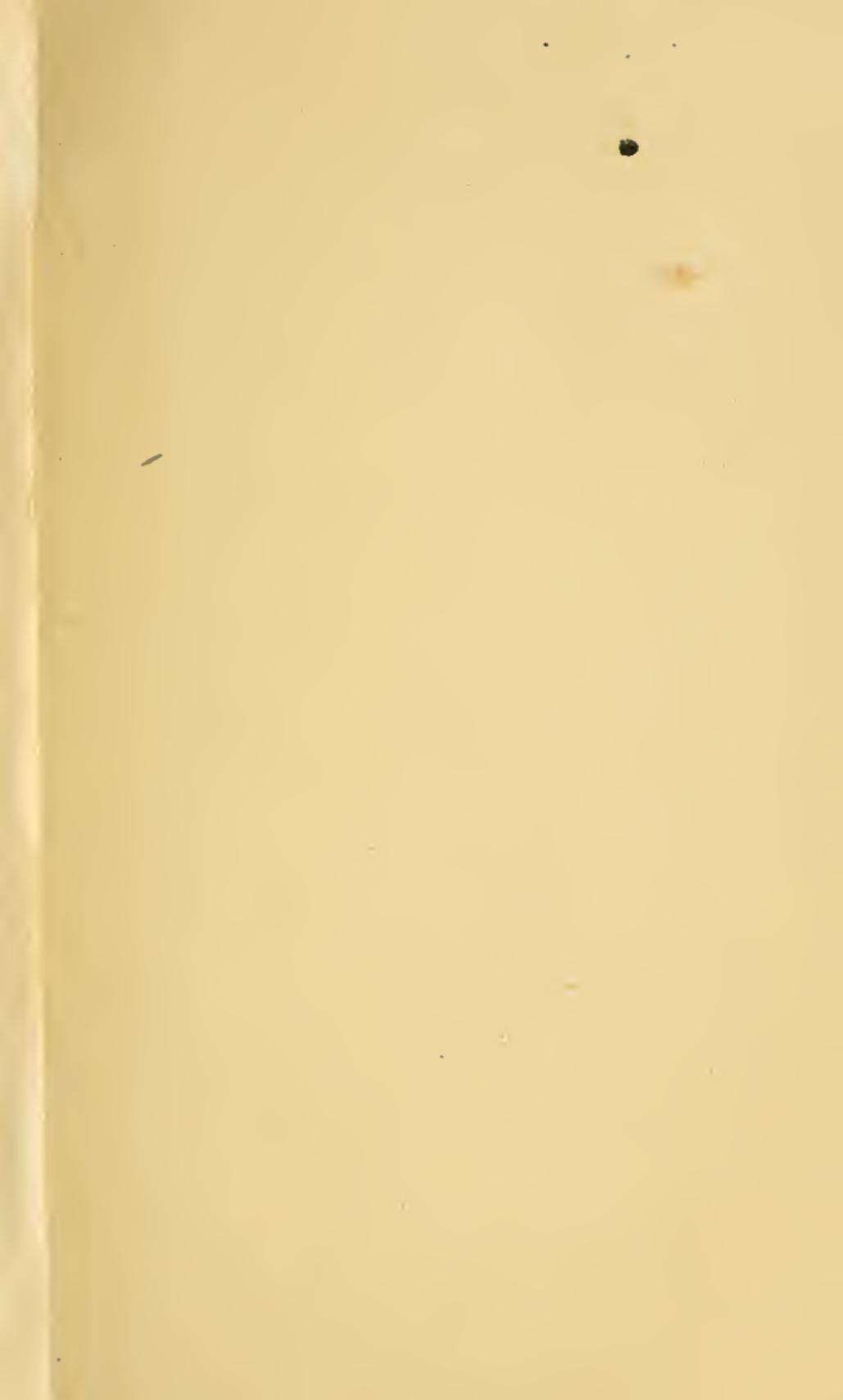
JOHN H.—But there is one there. (Points to Bill Thompson.) (Enter Getty on bridge, shoots. Shots heard off, Getty falls. Enter Marshall and soldiers on bridge.)

Tableau—Justice.

[THE END.]







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